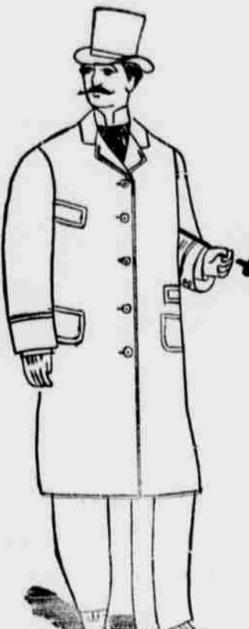


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THE LION PATH.

I dare not— Look—the road is very dark— The trees stir softly, and the bushes shiver. The long grass rustles, and the darkness moves Here—there—beyond— There's something crept across the road just now! And you would have me go? Go there—through that live darkness hideous With stir of crouching forms that wait to kill! Ah, look! See there—and there—and there again— Great yellow glassy eyes close to the ground! Look! Now the clouds are lighter, I can see The long, slow lashing of the snake's tail! And the set quiver of strong jaws that wait. Go there! Not I! Who dares to go who sees So perfectly the lions in the path? Comes one who dares. Afraid at first, yet bound On such high errands as no fear could stay. Forth goes he, with the lions in his path. And then— He dared a death of agony— Outnumbered battle with the king of beasts! Long struggle in the horror of the night! Dared and went forth to meet—O ye who fear! Finding an empty road and nothing there— A wide, bare common road, with homely fields And fences and the dusty roadside trees— Some spitting kittens may be in the grass. —Charlotte Perkins Stetson in Boston Woman's Journal.

THE END OF RAMADAN

GRAPHIC ACCOUNT OF THE CLOSE OF THE FORTY DAYS' FAST.

A Gun Boomed From the Citadel at the Beginning and Ending of the Rite—The Legend Upon Which the Uncomfortable Custom Is Based.

We sat in the tent's shadow, with our faces turned toward Cairo. There were three of us, the sheik of the neighboring village, Ahmed and I. The clear outline of the Mokhattan hills was hidden in the thick mist generated by the heat; the city was a gray blur against the black sides of the uplands. Below us, amid the sugar cane, the fellahin worked with an affection of energy. Sometimes a voice came to us mellowed by distance; sometimes the sail of a vessel glided phantomwise over the blue ribbon of water that twined along the valley toward Alexandria and the delta. A month before I had seen the messengers leave the city and strike into the desert. Twenty-four hours later, dusty and hot, they returned, bearing news. The new moon had appeared, and the fast was proclaimed. At midnight a gun boomed from the citadel, and suddenly the merry noises of the streets were stilled.

Next day I wandered through the bazaars, but received no invitation to drink coffee with my friends. Pipes and cigarettes were not offered to any one. In the intervals between their bargaining the merchants read the Koran or prayed, counting their beads with nimble fingers, head bent downward. The bargaining, too, were a poor shadow of the exciting scenes I loved. The purchaser was always languid and the vendor inert, uninterested.

As the afternoon wore on a look of fatigue, often of real pain, gloomed on the usually genial faces. It was hot, so hot. The sun beat furiously on the white walls and roads; the cruel Kempton whirled the dust through the streets and dried the skin and lips. But the cry of the water carrier was not raised; no boys offered bunches of juicy fruit to the sufferers. Ramadan had come with all its terrors, and for the love of God and his apostle must they be borne, if not cheerfully, at any rate stercorally and manfully.

One hour before sunset life seemed to stir again in the veins. The bakeries were crowded; the fires blazed under the ovens; a smell of cooking stole over the city. Women squatted at intervals along the streets with cakes and fruit and bottles of water spread before them. Little groups gathered round them, impatient, expectant. The smokers took out their pipes or cigarettes and stood waiting for the signal, match in hand. Suddenly the sun fell, and the gun thundered from the citadel. The city awoke; the population began to eat; the women were busy disposing of their goods.

For 40 days these things were, and now was come the closing day of the fast, and I sat with my friends on the sand, gazing toward the citadel till the gun showed fire for the last time.

All the afternoon envious glances had been cast at me as I cheerfully disobeyed the prophet's orders. Ahmed, I think, had the sheik not been with me, would have smoked a cigarette, but as it was he lay beside me and sulked. The sheik was too old to behave thus. He was quiet and spoke slowly, but he tried bravely to conceal all signs of discomfort. Ahmed's annoyance may be accounted for in this way. He declared to me that Mohammed fasted one day in the month Ramadan, but on which day was uncertain, and therefore the theologians decreed a 40 days' fast that they might be sure of fasting the same day as the prophet. I do not think Ahmed believes this legend, though he vouches vehemently for its truth.

To while away the time I asked the sheik to tell me about the visit of the czarowitz. But the long abstinence made him unable to talk at any length, and even this his favorite story he told me briefly in a couple of bald sentences, though he responded gently: "I met him as one prince meets another. He told me he owned many villages; that he was sheik over half the world. It may be as they have said."

"And what did he say to you?" I

queried. "He greeted me courteously and took me by the hand. This ring that I wear is his gift."

As he spoke he showed me, without pride, a sapphire of great size and beauty. Then he relapsed into silence, and I amused myself by picturing the event in my mind. I would that I had seen that meeting between the heir of the holy Russian empire and the simple Arab chief. Looking into his grave gray eyes and at his tall, slight figure, the broad shoulders not yet bent, though the white beard he was stroking told of many years of life, and in spite of his tattered blue robe, I easily conceived how he had been treated—courteously as became a prince.

Before the setting sun touched the horizon a boy from the village brought a large plate of food and a bottle of water and set them before us. "The signal," I cried as a white puff of smoke rolled away from the citadel walls, and at the same instant the sun sank behind the desert.

The sheik seized the bottle of water and drank long and eagerly. When his thirst was appeased, he belched loudly and handed the bottle to Ahmed, who drank eagerly, too, not omitting the curious after grace.

Then they devoured the food voraciously, the old man beckoning me to join. After we had eaten we sat and talked far into the night under the golden stars. The distant city gleamed fairylike with myriad lamps, and the murmur of its thousand voices came to us through the silent air.

Ramadan was dead. The fast was over and the feast begun.—Pall Mall Budget.

Explaining a Prevalent Belief.

A superstition very prevalent among workmen is the injurious effect supposed to be exercised by the sun's rays falling upon their tools. The best tools made for use in tropical countries are subjected to exactly the same amount of tempering as those made for home use, although they are to be used under a greater heat.

A heat greater than any which reaches this earth from the sun would be required to affect them.

No metallic or other matter is equally susceptible to heat as the sand of which the soil of the desert of Scinde, in India, is composed. It has been found heated by the sun to almost 200 degrees F. But to affect the temper of steel more than double this temperature is required. In the steel used for a lancet the temperature of the metal must be brought to 430 degrees, in razors and surgical instruments to 450 degrees, in penknives to 470 degrees, in scissors and chisels to 490 degrees, in axes, planes and pocketknives to 510 degrees, in table knives and large shears to 530 degrees, in swords and watch springs to 550 degrees, in fine saws and augers to 560 degrees and for hand and pit saws to 600 degrees, or to three times the greatest heat of the sun felt on this earth.

At 300 to 350 degrees soft steel and iron become much deteriorated in power to resist percussive action and strain, but their temperature can never be raised to such a degree as this by the heat of the sun.—New York Herald.

Rameau and the Dog.

Many eccentricities are pardoned in musical geniuses, especially by those who do not suffer from them. Unfortunately the object of a musician's wrath is quite apt to be unable to appreciate why he has offended.

One can fancy the possessor of the untrained voice who figures in the following story thinking hard things of the celebrated composer Rameau.

One day Rameau while calling on a lady fixed a stern glance on a little dog who sat in her lap and was barking good naturedly. Suddenly Rameau seized the poor little fellow and threw him out of the window.

"What is the matter?" asked his hostess, much alarmed.

"He barked false!" said Rameau indignantly.—Youth's Companion.

An Oversight.

"See here," said satan to his friend Beelzebub, "we have overreached ourselves. You insisted that we must put into the brain of man to invent instruments for his destruction, and we have so done. Man has made galling guns, mitrailleuse, chain shot, giant powder, dynamite—every day he effects some new combination which insures greater destructiveness."

"Well, then," said Beelzebub, "all is well."

"What a fool you are!" sneered satan, with asperity. "Don't you see that we have made war so costly that these mannikins won't fight?"

"Ah," said Beelzebub in despair, "why didn't I reflect that these people are always calculating expenses." —Kate Field's Washington.

Butler and Father Ryan.

When General Butler was in command at New Orleans during the rebellion, he was informed that Father Ryan, priest and poet, had been expressing rebellious sentiments and had said he would even refuse to hold funeral services for a dead Yankee. General Butler sent for him in haste and began roundly scolding him for expressing such un-Christian and rebellious sentiments. "General," the wily priest answered, "you have been misinformed. I would be pleased to conduct funeral services for all the Yankee officers and men in New Orleans."—San Francisco Argonaut.

THOMAS GODBEPRaised.

A Man Who Bears That Peculiar Name Tells How It Originated.

The register of the Girard House recently recorded the arrival in the city of Thomas Godbepraised of Barrow-in-Furness, England. Being approached upon the subject of the oddity of his surname, Mr. Godbepraised said:

"Yes, I suppose the name does sound very odd to Americans, although such names are not altogether unusual in England and especially in Lancashire, which was a stronghold of the Roundheads or Puritans in Cromwell's time. My home is in Barrow-in-Furness, which is in Lancashire. My ancestors prior to Cromwell's time were all royalists. The family name was Elliot. A younger son renounced the religious faith and political opinions of his forefathers and became a Puritan. As was usual in such cases he assumed his carnal name of Charles Elliot and took the inspired one of Ezekiel Godbepraised.

"There is quite a romance connected with this ancestor of mine. He fell in love with the only daughter of a Colonel Fielding in the Cavaliers' army, and not being able to obtain her father's consent to their marriage Ezekiel abducted her and for two years kept her hidden in a dreary house that stood near the little town of Formby, where a son was born. After a battle a little to the south of the River Mersey between the Cavaliers and Roundheads her brothers discovered her and carried her off to old Furness abbey. In the hurry the child was left behind, but as a result of the mother's pleading one of the brothers returned to Formby to get it.

"In the meantime Ezekiel had discovered his loss and removed the child. Then the followed the brother back to Furness abbey, but arrived too late. The brother and sister had set sail from Barrow beach for the Isle of Man. A storm came up, and Ezekiel arrived just in time to see the boat founder. He returned to his child more bitter against the royalists than ever and brought the child up with the same sentiments.

"At the close of the war Ezekiel adopted the trade of a weaver and settled in Barrow-in-Furness. Thus the name was perpetuated, the stern commands of the father forbidding the son to throw off the fanatical nickname when the heat of Puritanical zeal had given away."—Philadelphia Times.

The Different Londons.

The size of London is somewhat indefinite, but may be said to cover about a square mile. The postal district covers an area of 250 square miles. The police district extends still farther, covering an area of 687 square miles. On the other hand, the parliamentary London is much narrower. It consists of 10 boroughs, of which the city of London, although the smallest—having 50,562 inhabitants in 1881—is represented by four members on account of its commercial and financial importance, while each of the other nine, although larger, is represented only by two: Westminster, 256,418; Chelsea, 258,011; Marylebone, 477,553; Hackney, 302,427; Finsbury, 483,316; Tower Hamlets, 391,558; Lambeth, 379,112; Southwark, 267,335; Greenwich, 167,632.

Put together, these 10 boroughs represent only a population of about 3,000,000, and the remainder of the inhabitants of the city belong to nonmetropolitan electoral districts. Generally, however, the size of the city is determined by the area under the operation of the metropolis local government act, which is also adopted by the registrar general of the census. According to the definition, London covers an area of 122 square miles, forming parts of the counties of Middlesex, Surrey and Kent.—Baltimore American.

Costly Meals.

The costliest meal ever served, as far as history shows, was a supper given by Aelin Verus, one of the most lavish of the latter day Roman aristocrats. The supper was only intended for a dozen persons, yet its cost was 6,000 sesteritia, which would amount to £48,000 in English money, or nearly a quarter of a million dollars.

The celebrated feast given by Vitellius, a Roman emperor of those degenerate days, to his brother Lucius cost a fraction over \$200,000. Lucretius says that this banquet consisted of 2,000 different dishes of fish and 7,000 different fowls, besides other courses in proportion. Vitellius, fortunately for the world, did not reign very long; otherwise the game preserves of Libya, Spain and Britain would have been exhausted. It may not be out of place to mention here that it is recorded as a curious point of history that a single dish on the table of the Emperor Heliogabalus was worth \$300,000.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Lights Went Out.

His royal highness the Prince of Wales was present at a noble lord's once together with all fashionable London, and after dinner the best musicians, both vocal and instrumental, were preparing to display their talent, when suddenly out went the light, and performers and audience were left in total darkness. As the light was electric and was supplied from a private engine which had chosen this inopportune moment to go completely wrong, there was nothing for the giver of the feast to do but to collect all the available bedroom candlesticks and empty bottles and stick candles all over the place. The effect was most comical and seemed to cause amusement to everybody but the host.—San Francisco Argonaut.

SHADES OF BLACK SKIN.

A Journey From the Land of Palefaces and Back Again.

A familiar human example will make this general muddiness and uncertainty of nature realizable to every one. If we see a negro in the streets of London, we immediately recognize the broad difference that marks him off from the common mass of white men by whom he is surrounded. But that of course is only because we take an individual instance. We say quite dogmatically: "This man is black, thick lipped, flat nosed. I call him a negro. These other men are white, thin lipped, sharp nosed. I call them Europeans."

Quite so. That is true relatively to the small area and restricted number of cases you have then and there examined. But now suppose you go on to the Sudan and start from thence down the Nile through Nubia to Alexandria. At first on your way you would see few but thoroughly negroid faces—black skins, thick lips, flat noses, etc., according to sample. As you moved northward into Egypt, however, you would soon begin to find that, while the skin remained as black or nearly as black as ever, the features were tending slowly on the average to Europeanize.

Yet there would be nowhere a spot where you could say definitely, "Here I leave behind me the Nubian type and arrive at the Egyptian." Never even could you pick out three or four men quite certainly from a group on some riverside wharf overshadowed by domed palms and say on the evidence of skin and features alone, "These men are Soudanese, and the remainder are Nubians."

Then, if you went on still through Sinai and Palestine—the regular eastern tour—you would find at each step the tints getting lighter and the faces more Semitic. Passing farther through Constantinople, Athens, south Italy, you would observe at each change a lighter complexion and more European style, till at last, as you crossed Provence and approached central France, you would arrive pretty well at the familiar English type of face and feature.—Cornhill Magazine.

"Curious Woman."

He was showing them the various pictures hanging on the wall. They were gems, for he really had excellent taste in art. They were choice bits of landscape, lovely ideals of humanity, studies of still life and hints from the impressionist school. The ladies viewed each with admiration, but none with special interest until they came to a huge frame with its face turned toward the wall. Immediately they were all interested.

"What is that?" asked one of the ladies.

The young man assumed an air of mystery and shook his head as though he would like to tell, but could not.

"Aren't you going to let us see it?" said one in surprise.

"I'm sorry, but you can't," began he.

"But, really, we'd like more to see than that any of the others. Wouldn't we, girls?"

The girls said they would.

"Well," said the exhibitor, "if you must see it, I suppose you must."

The young ladies conjured up all kinds of beautiful visions as they looked with expectancy on the mysterious back of the frame.

"It is called 'Curious Woman,'" said he. Of course that only increased the zeal. Finally he turned the frame and disclosed—a mirror. Were the young ladies disappointed?—Philadelphia Press.

Where Was O'Flynn?

A judge of the Massachusetts superior court has a habit of allowing his voice to drop so low that his words can with difficulty be heard. The story is told that he was sentencing a prisoner at Lawrence one time when a man in the courtroom shouted:

"Speak louder, your honor! Speak up!"

"Send that man out of the courtroom, Mr. Officer," said the judge.

The order was obeyed, and the proceedings went on.

"Call the next case," said the judge when he had finished with the prisoner in whose case the interruption had occurred.

"Terence O'Flynn" called the clerk, but Mr. O'Flynn did not rise. The clerk called him, but there was no answer, and the officers of the court began to look about.

It was discovered that Prisoner O'Flynn had disappeared, and his absence could not be accounted for until some one said: "May it please the court, Terence O'Flynn was the man you just sent out for shouting to the judge to speak up."—Youth's Companion.

He Had His Reward.

It was in a large department store that a gilded youth drifted up to the candy counter.

"Do you know," he said to the pretty young woman in charge, "if I were the proprietor of this establishment I should dismiss you?"

"Why?" she asked indignantly.

"In order to give the candy a chance," he answered.

And she gave him 14 pounds of 75 cent candy for 50 cents.—Detroit Free Press.

A combined photographic and visual telescope has been finished and placed in position for Dr. Jansen at Meudon. The two lenses were made by the Henry Bros. of the Paris observatory, and the mounting by Gauthier of Paris.

The men in the Caucasian settlements in South Africa outnumber the women by 10 to 1, and spinsters are rare.